

Saturday Magazine.

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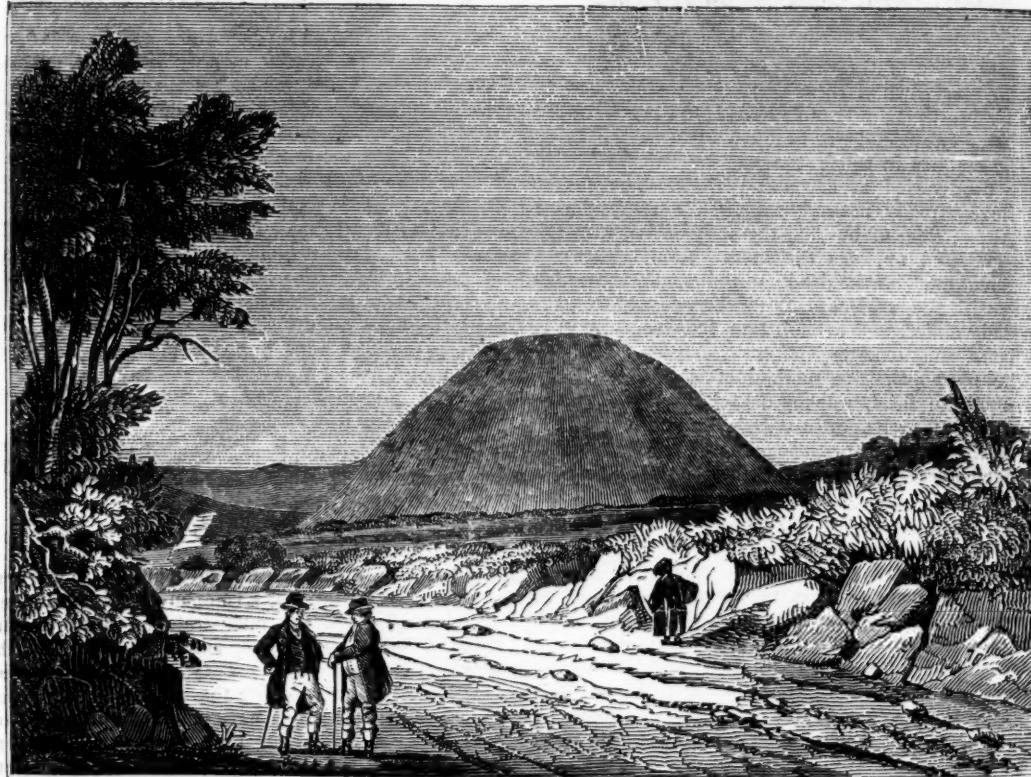
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ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

SILBURY HILL.



VIEW OF SILBURY HILL, FROM THE ROAD.

BARROWS—ANTIENT MODES OF BURIAL—BURNING THE DEAD.

AMONG all nations with which we are as yet acquainted, some method has been adopted, to show respect to the ashes of the deceased. The most simple and natural kind of sepulchral monument, and therefore the most ancient and universal, consists in a *barrow*, or mound of earth, a *cawn*, or heap of stones, raised over the remains of the dead. Of such monuments, mention is made in the book of Joshua, and in the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Horace; and instances of these occur in every part of this kingdom. These earthen monuments of mortality have received various names, according to their form.

In recording the funeral obsequies of Patroclus, ordered by Achilles, the Poet says,—

The Greeks obey, where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears, collected in the golden vase.
The sacred reliques to the tent they bore,
The urn veil of linen covered o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre:
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

VOL. IX.

Silbury Hill, the barrow represented in the engraving, is the largest mound of the kind in England; it is about a mile south of Abury, in Wiltshire; the next in size is Marlborough Mount, in the garden of an inn at Marlborough. "No history gives us any account of this hill; the tradition only is, that king Sil, or Zel, as the country-folk pronounce it, was buried here on horseback, and that the hill was raised while a posset of milk was seething." Its name, however, seems to have signified *the great hill*. The diameter of Silbury Hill at top is 105 feet, at bottom it is somewhat more than 500 feet; it stands upon as much ground as Stonehenge, and is carried up to the perpendicular height of 170 feet, its solid contents amounting to 13,558,809 cubic feet. It covers a surface equal to five acres and thirty-four perches. It is impossible, at this remote period, to ascertain by whom, or for what precise purpose, this enormous mound of earth was raised; but from its proximity to the celebrated Druidical temple at Abury, it is supposed to have had some reference to the idolatrous worship of the Druids, and, perhaps, to contain the bones of some celebrated character.

According to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who has investigated this subject with great skill and care

we may divide tombs of this description into, first, the long barrow, which is the largest of all, and generally of a long oval form; the circular barrow, shaped like an inverted bell, a bowl, &c.; and the Druid barrow, which is large and circular, seldom of any great elevation, and surrounded by a ditch and embankment. Within the area of this embankment are generally found small conical heaps of earth, which in some instances have contained small articles, such as cups, lance-heads, amber, jet, and glass beads. Although these have had the name of Druid barrows imposed on them, Sir Richard Hoare is inclined to believe that they were not formed by the Druids, but that they were intended as burial-places for the female portion of the British tribes.

Sometimes two of these barrows were enclosed in one circle; they are then supposed to have been the tombs of two friends, or near relations.

The manner in which the ancient Britons buried their dead varied at different periods. The author we have already noticed, says, "I am of opinion that the method of burying the body entire, with the legs gathered up, was the most ancient; that the custom of burning the dead succeeded, and continued along with the former; and that the mode of burying the body entire, and extended at full length, was of the latest adoption."

The most primitive method of disposing of the ashes of the dead, was by depositing them on the floor of the barrow, or in a little hollow, cut in the native chalk. The funeral-urn in which the ashes of the dead were secured, was the refinement of a later age. The bones, when burnt, were collected, and placed within the urn, which was deposited, in almost all cases, with its mouth downwards, in a hollow cut in the chalk; of these urns, which are far from uncommon, the larger are found to contain the burnt bones of the deceased, and the smaller are supposed to have held some description of food.

Herodotus gives the following account of the funeral ceremonies of the ancient kings of Scythia.

The body having been transported through the different provinces of the kingdom, they come at last to the Gerrhi, who live in the remotest parts of Scythia, and among whom the sepulchres are. Here the corpse is placed upon a couch, round which, at different distances, daggers are fixed; upon the whole are disposed pieces of wood covered with branches of willow. In some other parts of the trench they bury one of the deceased's concubines, whom they previously strangle, together with the baker, the cook, the groom, his most confidential servant, his horses, the choicest of his effects, and finally, some golden goblets, for they possess neither silver nor brass. To conclude all, they fill up the trench with earth, and seem to be emulous in their endeavours to raise as high a mound as possible.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that the first weeping willow grown in this country, was introduced at the commencement of the last century, by Mr. Vernon, a Turkey merchant, who brought it with him from the banks of the Euphrates, and planted it at his seat in Twickenham Park. This circumstance is highly illustrative of that prophetic song of the Jewish captives in the 137th Psalm, ver. 1, 2. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of time, diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away beneath earth and heaven.—?

COWPER, THE POET.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, November 15th, 1731. His father, Dr. John Cowper, Chaplain to George the Second, was the second son of Spencer Cowper, Chief Justice of Cheshire, and afterwards Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall, Norfolk. This lady died in the thirty-seventh year of her age, leaving two sons, John, the younger, and William, the elder, the subject of the present sketch, who, at the time, had only just attained his sixth year.

Though disqualified by disposition and constitution, as well as by the tender manner in which he had been treated at home, for such a change, he was unfortunately sent, at this early age, to a larger school, at Market-Street, Hertfordshire, where the cruel treatment he experienced, from a boy of fifteen years of age, in the same school, was the occasion to him of much grief and misery. In his ninth year he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained seven years, and here, also, his sensitive mind was subjected to the same cruel treatment from some of his schoolfellows. Shortly after leaving school, he was articled to an attorney, with whom he was engaged to remain three years; though it would, perhaps, have been impossible to have selected a profession more unsuitable to his mind than that of the law; as Hayley justly observes,—

The law is a kind of soldiership, and, like the profession of arms, it may be said to require for the constitution of its heroes,

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire.

The soul of Cowper had indeed its fire, but fire so refined and ethereal, that it could not be expected to shine in the gross atmosphere of worldly contention.

Though possessed of strong powers of mind, and a richly-cultivated understanding, yet these were combined with such extreme sensibility, and such extraordinary reserve, as totally to disqualify him for the bustle of a court of law.

At the age of twenty-one, in 1752, Cowper left the solicitor's house, and took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple; here he remained several years. During this important and lengthened period, he scarcely did anything more than compose a few essays and poems, either to assist, or to gratify some literary friend.

In 1756 he sustained a heavy domestic affliction in the death of his father, and, inheriting but little fortune from him, he now found it necessary to adopt some means of augmenting his income. It became every day more apparent to his friends, as well as to himself, that his extreme diffidence precluded the possibility of success in his profession. After much anxiety on the subject, he mentioned it to a friend, who had two situations at his disposal, the Reading Clerk, and the Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords. Quite unexpectedly both these places shortly after became vacant, and the Reading Clerk's being much the most valuable of the two, his friend offered it to him. This he gladly and gratefully accepted, and he was appointed to it in his thirty-first year, intending, as soon as he was settled in his situation, to unite himself with one of his first cousins, for whom he had long cherished a tender attachment. These fond hopes, however, were never realized; the situation required his appearance at the bar of the House of Peers, and the apprehension of this public exhibition quite overwhelmed his meek and gentle spirit; so acute were his apprehensions, that long before the day arrived on which he was to enter upon

his office, he was compelled to relinquish it entirely. He wrote to his friend, begging him to accept his resignation of the Reading Clerk's place, and to appoint him to the other situation, flattering himself that the Clerkship of the Journals would fall within the scope of his abilities.

But a strong opposition to his friend's right of nomination began to show itself; a powerful party was found among the Lords to thwart it, and he was led to expect an examination at the bar of the House, touching his sufficiency for the post he had undertaken. To require his attendance at the bar of the House, that he might there publicly entitle himself for the office, was in effect to exclude him from it. In the mean time, the interest of his friend, the causes of his choice, and his own reputation and circumstances, all urged him forward to undertake what he saw to be impracticable. His terrors on this occasion had become so overwhelming, as to induce the first attack of that lamented aberration of mind under which he is generally known to have suffered. He was shortly afterwards removed to St. Alban's, and placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, with whom he spent upwards of eighteen months, through whose kind and judicious treatment his mental sufferings were happily alleviated, and the improvement which at that time took place in his religious views, may be judged of from the following letter addressed to his cousin, Lady Hesketh.

How naturally does affliction make us Christians! and how impossible is it, when all human help is vain, and the whole earth too poor and trifling to furnish us with one moment's peace, how impossible it is then to avoid looking at the Gospel. You, my dear cousin, yourself, will be apt to think I carry the matter too far, and that in the present warmth of my heart, I make too ample a concession in saying, that I am *only now* a convert. You think I always believed, and I thought so too, but you were deceived, and so was I. I called myself indeed a Christian, but He who knows my heart, knows that I never did a right thing nor abstained from a wrong one, because I was so, but if I did either, it was under the influence of some other motive. And it is such seeming Christians, such pretending believers, that do most mischief in the cause, and furnish the strongest arguments to support the infidelity of its enemies; unless profession and conduct go together, the man's life is a lie, and the validity of what he professes itself is called in question. The difference between a Christian and an unbeliever would be so striking, if the treacherous allies of the church would go over at once to the other side, that I am satisfied religion would be no loser by the bargain. You say you hope it is not necessary for salvation to undergo the same affliction that I have undergone. No! my dear cousin, God deals with His children as a merciful father; He does not, as He himself tells us, afflict willingly. Doubtless there are many, who, having been placed by His good providence out of the reach of evil, and the influence of bad example, have, from their very infancy, been partakers of the grace of His Holy Spirit, in such a manner as never to have allowed themselves in any grievous offence against Him. May you love him more and more, day by day, as every day while you think of Him you will find him more worthy of your love, and may you finally be accepted by Him for his sake, whose intercession for all his faithful servants cannot but prevail.

On leaving St. Alban's, in June, 1765, he took up his residence at Huntingdon, where he shortly after formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, whom he describes in one of his letters in the following terms.

The last acquaintance I have made here is of the race of the Unwins, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter. They are the most agreeable people imaginable; quite sociable, and as far from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks as I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise; he is a man of learning and

good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess; she treats me with an affection so truly Christian, that I could almost fancy my own mother restored to life again, to compensate me for all my lost friends and broken connexions. She has a son in all respects worthy of such a mother, the most amiable man I ever knew; he is not yet arrived at that time of life when suspicion recommends itself to us in the form of wisdom, and sets everything but our own dear selves at an immeasurable distance from our esteem and confidence. Consequently, he is known almost as soon as seen; and having nothing in his heart that makes it necessary for him to keep it barred and bolted, opens it to the perusal even of a stranger. His natural and acquired endowments are very considerable, and as to his virtues, I need only say that he is a Christian. Miss Unwin resembles her mother in her great piety, who is one of the most remarkable instances of it I ever knew; they are altogether the most cheerful and engaging family it is possible to conceive. They see but little company, which suits me exactly; go where I will, I find a house full of peace and cordiality in all its parts, and am sure to hear no scandal, but such discourse instead of it, as we are all the better for. Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before, and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it.

Cowper and this amiable family continuing mutually pleased with each other, a satisfactory arrangement was shortly after made, by which he was received by them as an inmate, and he entered on his new abode in November, 1765. Two years afterwards, he had the misfortune to lose his friend Mr. Unwin, who died in consequence of a fall from his horse; and the Rev. Mr. Newton of Olney, calling on Mrs. Unwin shortly after, invited the family to fix their future abode at that place, whither they repaired in October, 1767, where, in the society of Mr. Newton, and in the exercise of religious and charitable offices, he seems to have passed his time in a manner peculiarly congenial to his views and feelings. Mr. Newton, perceiving the want of a volume of hymns suited for public and private worship, mentioned the subject to Cowper, and the result was a friendly compact between them, with an understanding that Cowper was to be the principal composer. He entered upon this work with great pleasure, though he does not appear to have exercised his poetical talents for a considerable time. But it is deeply to be regretted, that when he had only composed sixty-eight hymns, he was seized with a most severe attack of aberration of mind, during the long continuance of which, Mrs. Unwin watched over him with unwearyed assiduity.

Through the whole of this period he was inaccessible to all besides, except his friend Mr. Newton, who for five years vainly laboured to dissipate the dark cloud that had gathered over his mind. At length it occurred to Mrs. Unwin that some amusing occupation might probably be beneficial to him; and on one of his neighbours presenting him with a young leveret, he willingly took the prisoner under his protection. It was soon known among the neighbours that he was pleased with the present, and in a short time he had as many leverets offered him as would have stocked a park; he undertook the care of them, and the choice of their food, and the diversity of their dispositions, afforded him considerable amusement.

About this time Mr. Newton removed to another scene of labour, but previous to his leaving Olney, introduced to Cowper the Rev. Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell; after some difficulty, Mr. Newton triumphed over Cowper's extreme objection to receive strangers, and Mr. Bull gradually acquired his cordial esteem. Through his recommendation he employed himself

in translating some of Madame de Guyon's spiritual songs. Mrs. Unwin, perceiving the beneficial effect of this occupation, urged him to employ his mind on some original production.

Cowper now listened to her advice, and cheerfully complied with her request; the result exceeded her most sanguine expectations. A beautiful poem was produced, entitled *Table Talk*; another, called the *Progress of Error*, was shortly after composed; *Truth*, as a pleasing contrast, followed it; this was succeeded by others of equal excellence, proving that the poet's mind had now completely emerged from that darkness in which it had been so long confined. Mrs. Unwin, having witnessed with delight the productions of his pen, urged him to make them public; though at first averse to the measure, he at length yielded to her suggestions, and his first volume was accordingly published in the spring of 1782.

In the autumn of 1781, Cowper became acquainted with Lady Austin, who was introduced to him by her sister, the wife of a clergyman residing near Olney. Her wit and conversational powers were admirably adapted to afford relief to a mind like his, and Lady Austin was not less delighted with her new acquaintance than Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were with hers. She had previously been looking out for a residence in the neighbourhood of her sister, and the house immediately adjoining that in which Cowper lived being at liberty, she took possession of it in the course of the ensuing Summer. The society of Lady Austin produced a highly-beneficial effect upon Cowper's mind, and contributed to relieve the painful depression to which he still continued to be subject. On one occasion, perceiving his spirits to be peculiarly low, it occurred to her that she might probably divert his mind by telling him a story of John Gilpin, which she had treasured up in her memory from her childhood. The amusing incidents of the story itself, and the happy manner in which it was related, had the desired effect; it dissipated the gloom of the passing hour, and he informed Lady Austin the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by the recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had composed a poem on the subject. Thence arose the ballad of *John Gilpin*, which rapidly found its way into all the periodical publications of the day, and has been the theme of universal admiration.

During the Winter of 1783-4, Cowper spent the evenings in reading, and conversation with Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin. On one of these occasions, the conversation happened to turn on blank verse, and Lady Austin urged Cowper to try his powers on that species of composition. He had hitherto written only in rhyme, and he felt considerable reluctance to make the attempt. After repeated solicitations, he at last promised that, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with her request. "Oh," she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject, you can write upon anything, write upon this sofa." The poet obeyed her commands, and the world is thus indebted to that lady for *The Task*, which was published in the second volume of his poems, and which, after some delay, appeared in the Summer of 1785. But it is to be regretted that, about this time, circumstances arose which led to the removal of Lady Austin from Olney.

The rapid and extensive circulation of his poems gratified many of his former associates, and induced them to renew their correspondence with the poet. Among these was Lady Hesketh, who, being now a widow, and possessed of a handsome competence, generously offered to render him any assistance he

might want, and shortly after paid him a visit at Olney, where her presence produced a very beneficial effect upon his mind. She had not been long at Olney, before she felt convinced that his residence was unsuited for a person subject to depression; she, therefore, made arrangements for his change of abode to a cottage in the village of Weston-Underwood, about a mile and a half distant from Olney, belonging to Sir John Throckmorton, with whom he was shortly on terms of intimacy, and who kindly gave him the full use of his spacious and agreeable pleasure-grounds.

After the publication of Cowper's second volume of poems, he was diligently engaged in producing a new translation of *Homer*. His reasons for undertaking a work of such magnitude, shall be related in his own words.

For some weeks after I had finished the *Task*, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was, through necessity, idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supposable. I took up the *Iliad*, and, merely to direct attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the first twelve lines of it. The same necessity pressed me again; I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day, consequently, added something to the work, till, at last, I began to reflect thus:—The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* consist together of about forty thousand verses; to translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time; I have already made some progress, and find it a most agreeable amusement.

Cowper was scarcely settled in his new abode, before an event occurred which plunged both him and Mrs. Unwin into the deepest distress; her son was returning from a tour, when he was seized with a putrid fever, which sent him to his grave. Not long after this distressing event, Cowper's depressive malady so greatly increased, that his mind became again enveloped in the deepest gloom, and for some time he was obliged entirely to abandon his translation of *Homer*. This at length he was able to resume, and in September, 1788, he finished the *Iliad*, and in June, 1791, having completed his long and arduous undertaking, it made its appearance before the public in the July following. Several of his friends again urged him for original composition, and in all probability they would have been successful, had he not been retained by his bookseller as the editor of a new edition of Milton's Poetical Works. This undertaking was the means of introducing him to his future biographer, Mr. Hayley, who paid him a visit at Weston in May, 1792. The interview between these talented individuals proved reciprocally delightful. While Mr. Hayley was at Weston, he had persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to promise him a visit at Eartham some time in the Summer, hoping it might prove beneficial to Mrs. Unwin's health, who had lately suffered from an attack of paralysis, and be an agreeable relaxation to Cowper, after the anxiety of mind he had felt respecting her. They accordingly set out for Eartham in the beginning of August, where Cowper and Mr. Hayley employed the morning hours that they could bestow upon books, in revising and correcting translations of Milton's Latin and Italian Poems. On the 17th of September, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin quitted Eartham for Weston; the parting interview was deeply interesting to all parties, but particularly so to the sensitive mind of Cowper.

In the beginning of November, 1793, Mr. Hayley made his second visit to Weston, and the manner in

which Cowper employed himself during his friend's continuance there, he thus pleasingly describes.

When two poets meet, there are fine doings I can assure you. My *Homer* finds work for Hayley, and his *Life of Milton* work for me, so that we are neither of us a moment idle. Poor Mrs. Unwin, in the mean time, sits quiet in the corner, occasionally laughing at us both, and not seldom interrupting us with some question or remark, for which she is continually rewarded by me with 'Hush!'

During Mr. Hayley's visit, he saw that the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin were rapidly reducing her to a state of the most pitiable imbecility, and the apprehensions Cowper felt that his increasing expenses, occasioned by Mrs. Unwin's protracted illness, would involve him in difficulties, filled him with the greatest uneasiness, and shortly after he experienced a most severe attack of depression, which continued, almost wholly unmitigated, through the remainder of his life. Lady Hesketh now generously undertook the task of watching over the melancholy poet and his feeble associate; and it occurred to her that the presence of Mr. Hayley would cheer his mind, who, at her request, immediately revisited Weston. Little or no benefit, however, resulted from this visit. One morning, as Mr. Hayley and Lady Hesketh were musing over the melancholy scene of Cowper's sufferings, they were suddenly almost overjoyed at the receipt of a letter from Lord Spencer, announcing it to be his Majesty's gracious intention to allow Cowper the grant of such a pension for life, as would secure to him an honourable competence. The only subject of regret at this pleasing circumstance was, that he whom it was intended to benefit, was in a condition that rendered it impossible for him to receive even the faintest glimmering of joy on the occasion.

Cowper remained in the same most distressing state from the time of Mr. Hayley's departure in the Spring of 1794 till the Summer of 1795, when almost all his friends agreeing in recommending a change of air and scene, his relation, the Rev. J. Johnson, generously undertook the charge of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, and conducted them to Maudesley, a village on the Norfolk coast, hoping that a situation by the sea-side might prove amusing to Cowper, and become, ultimately, the means of reviving his spirits. Here they remained till the following October, without appearing to derive any benefit whatever, when Mr. Johnson took them to his own residence at East Dereham, where they remained about a month, when they removed to Dunham Lodge, which was pleasantly situated in a park, a few miles from Swaffham, and from that time became their settled residence; here they were constantly attended by Miss Johnson and Miss Perowne, the latter of whom continued her kind attention to him to the close of his life.

In the autumn of 1796, Mr. Johnson again made trial of a change of air and of scene, and removed the family to the delightful village of Maudesley. No apparent benefit, however, resulted from this change, and towards the close of October it was thought desirable again to remove the family to Mr. Johnson's house at Dereham.

In the following December it became evident that Mrs. Unwin's life was rapidly drawing to a close; she had been gradually sinking for some time, and on the 17th of this month, in the seventy-second year of her age, she peacefully, and without a groan or a sigh, resigned her happy spirit into the hands of God. She was buried in Dereham Church, on the 23rd of December, 1796, where a marble-tablet is raised to her memory.

Towards the close of the year 1799, Cowper's bodily strength was evidently declining fast, though his mental powers, notwithstanding the unmitigated severity of his depression, remained unimpaired. In January, 1800, Mr. Johnson observed in him many unfavourable symptoms. His complaint was pronounced to be a breaking up of the constitution. His weakness now rapidly increased; by the end of February he ceased to come down stairs, though he was still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to another room, and to remain there till the evening. By the end of the ensuing March he was compelled to forego even this trifling exercise, and was entirely confined to his room. On the 19th of April, the weakness of the sufferer had so much increased, that Mr. Johnson apprehended his death to be near, and early on the morning of the 25th a decided alteration for the worse was perceived to have taken place; a deadly change appeared in his countenance. In this insensible state he remained till a few minutes before five in the afternoon, when he gently, and without the slightest apparent pain, ceased to breathe. In a manner so mild and gentle did death make its approach, that though his kinsman, his medical attendant, and three others, were standing at the foot of the bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any.

He was buried at the end of the north transept of East Dereham Church, on Saturday, the 2nd of May, 1800, his remains being placed near those of Mrs. Unwin, and shortly afterwards those of Miss Perowne were deposited in the same spot.

As he died without a will, his beloved relation, Lady Hesketh, kindly undertook to be his administratrix. She raised a tablet-monument to his memory, with the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.
BORN IN HERTFORDSHIRE,
1731;
BURIED IN THIS CHURCH,
1800.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel,
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard, devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the breast belong,—
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

[TAYLOR'S *Life of Cowper*.]

ORNAMENT.

NATURE is the true guide in our application of ornament. She delights in it, but ever in subserviency to use. Men generally pursue an opposite course, and adorn only to incumber. With the refined few, simplicity is the feature of greatest merit in ornament. The trifling, the vulgar-minded, and the ignorant, prize only what is striking and costly,—something showy in contrast, and difficult to be obtained. Nothing can more severely, or more truly satirize this taste, than the fancy of the Negro chief in the interior of Africa, who received an Englishman's visit of ceremony in a drummer's jacket, and a judge's wig. I always think of this personage when I see a lady loaded with jewels; and if I had a wife, and she had such incumbrances, from the anxiety of which I saw no other chance of her being relieved, I should heartily rejoice in one of those mysterious disappearances, which have been so frequent of late, and which it may be, have sometimes originated in a feeling, on the part of husbands, similar to mine.

—The Original.

THE FRUITLESS JOURNEY.

A FABLE.

It may justly be suspected that those persons who will not endeavour to gain knowledge and information from the sources placed within their power, would not profit more could they command those means that it is impossible for them to attain. The following fable may illustrate this position:—

Once upon a time, the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing, and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the windows that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early, in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of the country, coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength, before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of the damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to joyfulness; so that this whole day was spent in gaiety, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with drawn swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day, they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them, to hear the wonders of the moon described; but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung amongst the branches of the trees: but what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated everywhere with contempt.

If we apply this fable to the persons before alluded to, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days, the fable denotes the *three ages of man*.

First, *Youth*, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator. All that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime.

Secondly, *Manhood*, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family.

Thirdly, *Old Age*, in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits, and proceedings relating to their estate. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

We were created for the glory of the Creator, which cannot be brought about unless we know him, either by revelation, or the works of the creation.—

STILLINGFLEET.

TENT OF THE PRINCE OF THE CRIM TARTARS.

A LIGHT paling, which can be easily packed and unpacked, forms a little circular wall of four feet and a half high. Its two extremities, kept near three quarters of a yard distant, make the entrance into the tent. A score of small rods, which join at the upper ends, and at the lower have a leathern ring, by which they hook to the paling, form the dome, and sustain the roof; which consists of a cowl, or covering of felt, that descends, and spreads over the walls, which are lined also with the same stuff. A girdle includes the whole, and some earth, or snow, thrown up round the bottom of the tent, prevents the air from penetrating, and makes it perfectly solid, without mast or cordage. Others, of a nicer construction, have the cones circularly open at the top, which apertures give passage to the smoke, permit fires to be lighted in the tents, and render them inaccessible to the intemperance of the most rigorous climate.

The tent of the Cham was of this kind, but so large, that more than sixty people might commodiously sit round a wood-fire. It was lined with crimson stuff, furnished with some cushions, and had a circular carpet. Twelve small tents, placed round that of a prince, for the use of his officers and pages, were comprised within a circumference of felt, five feet high.—HARMER.

ABOUT the year 1760, as Dr. Miller, the organist, was dining at Pontefract, with the officers of the Durham militia, one of them, knowing his love of music, told him they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in England, and yet spoke English almost as well as a native, and who was also an excellent performer on the violin. The officer added, that if Miller would come into another room this German should entertain him with a solo. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Miller heard a solo of Giardini's executed in a manner that surprised him. He afterwards took an opportunity of having some private conversation with the young musician, and asked him whether he had engaged himself for any long period to the Durham militia? The answer was, "only from month to month." "Leave them then," said the organist, "and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; and doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation." The offer was accepted as frankly as it was made; and the reader may imagine with what satisfaction Dr. Miller must have remembered this act of generous feeling, when he hears that this young German was Herschel the Astronomer!—The Doctor.

As man was designed by his Creator for social life, it is his duty to regulate the tenor of his thoughts and actions in the fittest manner for the fulfilment of its duties. He must neither desert the world, nor forget that he is its temporary inhabitant; and while he is making a needful provision for his present probationary state, it is incumbent on him to prepare likewise for one that will be future and eternal. Our stations upon earth are now, apparently, assigned with much irregularity, and the fortunes and business of mankind seem to be very unequally divided. Still there is a circle of allotted duties, which, if properly performed, would be found exactly proportioned to the faculties and strength of each individual; and if we consult the nature of our circumstances, and what exertions they require, we shall find that there is a sufficient time allotted us for every rational and pious purpose of present and future advantage, but nothing over for the demands of vice or idleness. The most extended connexions of life can but be filled to a certain degree, and the most contracted situation has likewise its peculiar obligations, though the arrangement of its employments must be different: just as a map of the world does, on its surface, contain the same seas and continents, with the same divisionary lines, whether it be taken on a larger or a smaller scale; and the latter may be equally exact, though more minutely delineated.—S. S.

MANY of the blessings universally desired are frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labour, content themselves to complain, and rather linger in a state in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their condition by vigour and resolution.—Rambler.

THE DEPTHS OF OCEAN.

THE sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of the water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air, and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms, and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land.

The common object of creation seems ever to have been the infinite multiplication of life. As the basis of animal nutrition is laid in the vegetable kingdom, the bed of the ocean is not less beautifully clothed with submarine vegetation, than the surface of the dry land with verdant herbs and stately forests. In both cases, the undue increase of herbivorous tribes is controlled by the restraining influence of those which are carnivorous; and the common result is, and ever has been, the greatest possible amount of animal enjoyment to the greatest number of individuals.

[BUCKLAND'S Bridgewater Treatises.]

"I MYSELF," says Plutarch, "saw a dog at Rome, whose master had taught him many pretty tricks, and amongst others the following. He soaked a piece of bread in a certain drug, which was indeed somniferous, but which he would have made us believe was a deadly potion. The dog, as soon as he had swallowed it, affected to quake, tremble and stagger, as if quite stupefied. At length it fell down, seemed to breathe its last, and became stretched out in all the stiffness of death, suffering any person to pull it about or turn it over, without indicating the least symptom of life. The master was now lavish in his endeavours to restore the poor creature to life; and after a short time, when it understood by a secret hint that its time for recovery was come, it began by little and little to revive, as if waked from a dead sleep, slowly lifted up its head, and, opening its eyes, gazed with a wild vacant stare on all around. In a few minutes it got upon its feet, shook itself as it were free from its enthrallment, and recognising its master, ran merrily up to him. The whole of this scene was performed so naturally, that all who were present (among whom was the Emperor Vespasian), were exceedingly delighted."—Percy Anecdotes.

THERE is a ripe season for everything, and if you miss that or anticipate it, you dim the grace of the matter, be it never so good. As we say, by way of proverb, that a hasty birth brings forth blind whelps, so a good tale tumbled out before the time is ripe for it, is ungrateful to the hearer.—BISHOP HACKETT.

"ALL things," says Sir Thomas Brown, "begin in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the Ordainer of order, and mystical mathematics of the city of Heaven."

"CURIOSITY," says Fuller, "is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the heart of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking."

DR. MAGENDIE tried the experiment of feeding dogs upon white bread and water, but all the animals died within fifty days, whilst those to whom he had given household bread, which only differed from the white bread, by retaining a quantity of the bran, continued to thrive very well upon it. It is remarkable, that one of the dogs that died had been put upon his usual diet, between the fortieth and forty-fifth days, but nothing could save him from the fatal effects of white bread.

THE common vice of those who are still grasping at more is, to neglect that which they already possess.—*Idler.*

FOOLS are very often united in the strictest intimacies, as the lightest kind of woods are the most closely glued together.—SHENSTONE.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made the children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee
Our God, our fathers' God.

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God! —MRS. HEMANS.

FIRST CLAUSE OF MR. BURKE'S WILL.

FIRST, according to the good, ancient, and laudable custom of which *my heart and understanding recognise the property*, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy through the only merits of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

WHAT would men be without those intervals of reason in which the passions are calmed, and the affections excited and awake.—DANBY.

THAT we are unprofitable servants is certain, but though unprofitable to Him we may be profitable to each other, which is one of the duties we have to perform, and one that we may be sure will give satisfaction to our Maker.—DANBY.

SIMPLICITY is nature and truth, and is equally opposite to affectation and vulgarity, both of which are the proofs of want of right feeling.—DANBY.

ECONOMY.—With tolerable economy one may and ought always to make some reserve for particular exigencies.—*Mrs. Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montagu.*

THERE is scarcely a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; and on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous person. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends on a pun or a quibble! You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop.—*Spectator.*

TRUE honour is to common honesty what the Court of Chancery is to Common Law.—SHENSTONE.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.—LAVATER.

THE LAKE NAPHTHIA, IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY

THIS small lake is one of the many inland lakes which produce Naphtha, a substance now so well known for the many useful purposes to which it is applied; it is found naturally formed, and is also produced by artificial distillation from various mineral substances. Natural Naphtha is obtained in considerable quantity at Baku, near Derbent, on the north-west coast of the Caspian Sea. The soil is a clayey marl, and so impregnated with Naphtha, that when turned up to the depth of a few inches, it will inflame on the application of a lighted candle; in this soil pits are sunk, in which the naphtha collects in considerable quantities. The purest European Naphtha comes from Monte Ciaro, near Piacenza, in Italy; here pits are sunk until the water flows in, when the Naphtha floats on the surface, and is occasionally skimmed off. Another method of obtaining this substance is by distilling *petroleum*, or mineral tar, which is found in large quantities in the neighbourhood of volcanoes. In Persia it rises through fissures in the earth in the form of vapour, and on the shores of the Caspian the inhabitants place small metal pipes in the ground, and setting on fire the vapours as they rise through them, employ the heat produced for the purposes of cookery. Near Amiano, in the Grand Duchy of Parma, the gas of the Naphtha, which rises from the earth, is collected, and employed in lighting the streets of the city of Genoa.

The lake represented in the engraving is close to a small hill, on which the ruins of the ancient town of Palica remain.

In Winter the smaller pools of water are united in one, and it then has the appearance of a considerable lake, or rather pond, for even then it is not much more than one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. In Summer it is divided into five or six smaller basins of water; as shown in the engraving. The vapours, which are constantly passing from the sur-

face, are extremely unhealthy, and of unpleasant smell, and they are evidently of volcanic origin, and are not to be attributed to the water itself. When the waters are low, many small holes and fissures in the earth are visible, through which a current of foul air is constantly rushing, but when covered with water, small jetties are produced by the escape of this air, similar to that on the left in the engraving. The shepherds in the neighbourhood are very careful not to pasture their sheep on any but the windward side of the lake, as, if left to repose, the fumes of the lake would be fatal.

The preparation of Naphtha by artificial means, is the result of the experiments of chemists of late years, on a substance which till then was considered as nearly useless. During the destructive distillation of coal in the formation of gas, for the purpose of illumination, a liquid, of a most unpleasant odour, is separated, called coal-tar; at first it was employed for the usual purposes to which tar is applied, such as covering wood-work exposed to the weather, &c.; but in addition to its filthy smell it was a long time in drying, this caused it to fall into disuse. Since then a method has been discovered, by which the more volatile parts have been separated by distillation; and a very pure artificial Naphtha, in the shape of a perfectly-colourless fluid is the result; but the uses to which this Naphtha have been applied, far exceed in utility the simple discovery of the method of purification. At first it was used instead of oil, in lamps of a peculiar construction, and, to a certain extent, succeeded, giving a most beautiful clear white light; but the chief and most valuable discovery was the power it possessed of producing a solution of Indian-Rubber, that had the property of becoming dry and hard by exposure to the air; by this means this valuable article has been applied to many useful purposes, such as preparing water-proof cloths, elastic straps, braces, belts, and many other articles: a new instance of the application of chemical discovery to the useful arts of life.



NATURAL PITCH LAKE, IN SICILY.